

AN ELEGY

On the Renowned Memory of the Right Reverend
Edward, late Bishop of Norwich.



What means our Poets silence! all struck dumb!
Where are our Troops of *riming Drolls* become!
A Bishop dead, and none to make a Verse,
Nor drop a Tear upon so grave an Herse!
Ah! 'tis no Subject for a Droll; too sad
A Theme for Poets, whom their Wit makes mad.

It is an Argument for graver Souls,
Than those whose Brains must first be steep'd in Boulds.
Add, That posterity alone must tell
The worth that in so great a Soul did dwell.

*Some trifling goods are in th' Enjoyment known:
Greater, scarce understood till some time gone.*

This Bishop who would know, must Sum up all,
That wiser Mortals, good, or lovely call;
The Ornaments of Nature, and of Art,
With what the Holy Spirit doth impart,
T' ennoble Souls. Out of a thousand minds
(And those the pith of Mankind, not the rinds),
Pick whatsoe'er is good, leaving their dross;
Then he will something understand our loss.

God first in Nature, the Foundations laid,
Gave him a Soul that would not be betray'd
To dirty Objects, but alone pursue
Things that were honest, noble, just, and true;
At brave things aiming, always pressing on
Unto the pitch of all perfection.
Yet so complexion'd, as not to despise
The least. (A lofty Soul, no lofty Eyes)
Adorn'd with Natural humility,
And most Obliging affability.

*Sweetness of temper, gravity, what e're
Might make the World a mortal to revere.*

The Muses see'ng this Object for their turn,
Each in an Emulation did burn,
Which should heap most upon his Head. One brings
Invention; others Wit; and other, Things
Which they fit Presents judg'd for him. Not one
But to this shrine brought her Oblation.
First *Madam Clio* brought him all her Books
Of story. *Erato* her lovely looks.

Terpsichore her Cittern brought: the kind
Enterpe with her Pipe staid not behind.
Then *Polyhymnia* tenders her sweet Art:
Not one but did her faculties impart,
At least an offer make: He thanks them all,
But did at last most for *Urania* call.
Calliope would leave him her sweet tone:
Clio, her treasures of Invention.
But to adorn him, a tenth Muse came forth
Which far excell'd the other Nine in worth;
Madam Sophronia, she poured on
His head great Prudence and Discretion.
After the Muses, came to him the Graces,
And sacrificed here their lovely Faces.
Plato and *Aristotle* hearing, come,
Would have him for their Scholar, took him home.
At *Stagyra*, he studied many years;
There *Plato* taught him th' Doctrine of the Spheres.
At length *Diviner Seneca* him got
('Twas there about the Passions he wrote).
Next, wiser *Solomon* shew'd him the features
Of all the World, The vanity of Creatures,

He Comments on that Text, while God did show
Him th' emptiness of every thing below;
Sins sinfulness, and *Christ's excellings*, next,
Were taught him by his dearest Lord. (That Text
No Art expounds) He chose this as the best
Of Knowledge. Here his Soul came to its rest.
And after this, was careful nought to know
But a *Christ-crucifi'd*. All things below
He trod upon, counted them dung, and dross,
If measur'd with the Knowledge of the Cross.
Of all perfection he an End now saw,
Saving what was in the Diviner Law.
In closest studies on these Books he lay,
They were his meditation night and day,
Till he found out what e're God had reveal'd,
But pos'd at something which there lay conceal'd.
[The vision of God face to face, what 'tis
To know as we are known, or as he is].

Lingring after this Knowledge too, God threw
Two or three Stones, which to his Kidneys flew.
These fetcht out frequent Sighs, and many a Groan.
With many a Prayer, Lord, forbear thy Rod,
How can worms bear thy mighty hand, My God!

He had hard labours under this disease;
But as the thoughts of *Rachel* once did please
Jacob, so as he counted all as nought,
By which he might into her Arms be brought:
So did this Father often kiss the Rod,
He saw would end i' th' Vision of God:
Nor were his hopes in vain; His pains abated
That very hour, when he was translated.

You that think Bishops are but things of Honour,
Whom none can please but *Gardiner*, or *Bonner*:
That can controule Gods wisdom, who first chose
The meekest man on Earth, to govern those
That were his only people. You that can
Dress up a Bishop shall not be a Man!
Correct your Judgments. Say once to you came
One, who a Bishop was more than in Name.

AN EPITAPH.

Reader! *Why stand'st thou still to know
Whose bones they are, which lie below*
This stone: they are Remains of one
Who (in this Age) must lie alone.
Sexton, forbear thy Spade too near
The limits of this Sepulcher:
The measures of that Soul first take,
For whose Case thou a Grave wouldst make:
If thou find'st it a Treasury
Of Learning, Virtue, Piety,
Possess of Abraham's Faith, Job's Hope
And Patience, a Telescope
Of use for th' heavens only. Cloath'd
With th' Sun, while th' Earth was by it loath'd.
If Moses meekness thou can'st see
In it, and grave Humility
It's garment, then, when it might glory
Of whatsoe'er can fill the story
Of any Mortal: If the Case
Shin'd with reflections of Grace;
Thou may'st go on. If not, forbear;
The Holy Spirit's Temple's here,
Profaner flesh must not lie near.

Licensed and Entred according to Order. 196.